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Himalayah Mountains.

We have again the pleasure of presenting our readers, with another portion of the interesting Tour of our young Friend and Correspondent, in the Himalayah, in continuation of the part of the Narrative last received, which left him in the beginning of October, encamped on a small flat 1000 feet above the level of Nessung, a village which he had left a few days before. The Narrative thus proceeds:—

The night was frosty—thermometer at sunrise 33°, and the small spring from its vent along the rocks, was a line of ice. The mountains again present new appearances, and are highly metalline. In ascending from the river, we find a strange intermixture of minerals: the road is a slope of splinters that have crumbled from the loftier regions, the work of time and perpetual frost; and although they caused many an unsteady step, they assisted our progress greatly. A smooth acclivity of such an angle could never be climbed, and as it was, we were obliged to halt every few hundred yards from fatigue, and as often from the sharp edges of the stones grazing our legs, so that we had thus a spare minute to gather up some specimens of the tract. The variety of minerals was not to be wondered at, as they composed the superficies of a section from a mile to a mile and a half in depth. The density and sonorous tinkle of the pieces, gave proofs of metallic ingredients, and even some knobs of native iron were supposed to be seen. Many greyish stones occurred, which, when fractured, shewed a sparkling surface, or a number of luminous points, on a beautiful light green stratum, perhaps pyrites of copper.

One species, the only one found, seemed pure metal: it consisted of a group of quadrilateral nodules of a straw gold lustre. On finding it, we humorously exclaimed, that we were surely approaching the gold mines of Tartary. A group of rock crystal, hexagonal in shape, was also picked up: could we have halted a day, a curious collection might have been made—each step opens research for the geologist, and here, where primitive disposition is still undisturbed by the volcano or the earthquake, many of the obscure springs of nature may be expected to be contained. (?)

Vertical sections from one to three miles in extent, unblended with secondary or extraneous formations, are of very frequent occurrence, and offer to the skilful naturalist, a wide field for philosophizing. From our camp we looked down upon Nissung, 900 feet beneath us, and a person might easily imagine, that a stone could be slung into it; yet such is the singular inequality of surface of these regions, that the road between it and us, formed with the river (900 feet still lower), an angle of 35°.

For breakfast, we consumed the remainder of a sheep killed at the great snowy Pass, and now 14 days old. At 8 o'clock the barometer was 20.050—thermometer 45°: water boiled at 193°: at Nissung it boiled at 194°. (2) We began our march by the same sort of

(1) The earthquakes of India so little resemble those which have shaken the American continent, that their effects upon the position or arrangement of the Himalayah mountains cannot fairly be grasped at, by the systematic geologist, to support the impenetrable hypothesis of Wernerian Mineralogy. The Andes have tottered from base to summit; for how prodigious must have been the convulsion occasioned by those extraordinary earthquakes recorded in the Histories of America, when the world was thought to be on the verge of dissolution; and yet the Andes still raise their majestic snowy heads, far beyond the clouds.

(2) The effects of the atmospheric gravity upon the temperature of liquids, was known in the days of Fahrenheit, and even 40 years before his time, and the boiling point of water has long since been applied to the measurement of heights; but has only very lately commanded particular attention. A Dolland's thermometer, (which is in general accurately divided) is a complete barometer, a much better one too than the most of those crank portable things that are made now-a-days; and with this common and simple instru-

ment as we had from the river; a few scrubby bushes of juniper were passed, almost the only visible production of this great range. The day was clear, and we were fast diminishing the temperature, which was not at all inconvenient; yet we had hitherto climbed upon the face of the mountains on a bed of loose fragments, and we now arrived at the body of the rock, which rises in a very abrupt compact form, and no longer hampered by its shattered surface, shewed distinctly the stratification which is often nearly vertical, and from the silty nature of the rock, makes a road of sharp ridges of not very agreeable footing: something like petrifications, or limy concretions were observed running in veins, which when broken, had a very beautiful marbled appearance.

Our ascent was still very steep, and conceiving that our elevation must be considerable, we had the curiosity to invert the barometer, and the mercury fell to 19.070 or 1.200 feet, which had risen above our camp. The Ghaut looked yet distant, and we amused ourselves by wondering if it equalled or surpassed that which we crossed in our march to Nissung.

On entering upon untrdden ground of such unrivalled celebrity as the Himalayah, there is an astonishing degree of longing anxiety to rise higher and higher, a constant expectation of being gratified by some grand or interesting view from the summit, or of meeting with some new physical arrangement, or something yet unknown; and here there was a great desire to augment the singular ruggedness of the tract, by which only the Khunnouries can communicate with themselves and their neighbours the Chinese, and which has perhaps not a little contributed to their insulated peculiarity in language, superior intellectual capacity, and honest contentment; to this

ment a person may always ascertain his altitude above the sea to within 2 or 300 feet, and in the region of congelation to a more uniform and nicer result; the only improvement wanting to give it a decided preference to the usual basket sort of apparatus (and which may be presumed is the principle of the boilers now constructing at home,) is to enlarge the degrees and render them divisible into 20th, 50th or 100th parts, and this can be easily done without extending the tube, by limiting the scale to 34 or 36 degrees, or from the 17° to the 21°, which we may safely reckon the extreme variation of the boiling point of water, upon the earth's surface accessible to man, although, on the summit of Maha Deo, Ka, Ling, or Dhawalagiri, water would perhaps boil at 166°. From this it will be evident, that the common thermometers beginning generally at the zero of the scale, have 5-6ths of the tube useless (for water will boil in a vacuum at about 150° where men will never attain either upon the earth's surface or in a balloon) and this included in the range of 36° would give the length of each degree nearly a third of an inch, instead of the usual invisible space of 1-30th. The accordance of calculation for altitude by the boiling point, and by the barometric column, is such as to warrant an unequivocal reliance upon the method; the thermometer used, was by Adams (and likely enough to err) of double degrees, which were coarsely subdivided by a penknife; how far the observations are discrepant, a few indiscriminately selected, will prove.

In the great Himalayah Pass, water boiled at 186°.3; the Barometer then at 17. 400; Temperature of the air 37°.

At the Birch trees on the Northern slope of the Pass, water boils at 191. 6; Barometer 19. 560. Temperature of the air 37°.

At Wharto, the boiling point of water was 193. 8; Barometer then 20. 340; Temperature of the air 52°.3.

At Kotgurh, water boiled at 201; Barometer 23. 750; Temperature of the air 67°.

At Subathoo, this day 10 A. M. water boils at 205, Barometer 26.095; Temperature of the air 56°.

If any of your many ingenious Correspondents, will compare these results with Sir George Shackburgh's or De Lnc's Tables which I am not possessed of at present, they will decide the practical utility of a Thermometrical Barometer,

we may add a degree of opulence, untainted with avarice, which is difficult to account for. At 10 o'clock we crossed the angle of the range, where we had the satisfaction to see the mercury in the barometer sink to 18.370. A conjectural estimate of this march in the former journey, had reckoned this Pass more elevated than the one communicating between the two last villages; but being unprovided with means for determining it, and considering the night's rest on the ice, with the extraordinary commencement of that day's march, there was room enough for deception, particularly when each step was a forced energy, and the only anxiety felt in returning, was to make all possible speed, heedless of every thing, but how to combat the fatigues of the day and find provision for the night.

As the other Pass was visible from this, and weighing the distant probability of an inaccuracy in the barometers, the theodolite was pointed, and the angle found to be 1° of elevation, which, by a geometric calculation, tallied with the barometric difference almost to a foot. It was quite delightful to obtain such a coincidence of results when contemporaneous observations were not made. The excess of the barometric column was found to be here, but it scarcely amounted to 1/6th of an inch or equivalent to 244 feet which we were below the last Pass. By the way, we may here remark the inconsistency (if we can use the expression) of the physical appearance of the two Passes. We had no juniper beds here, not even a patch of soil; a waste from top to bottom. Are we to assign a geological cause for this? (the dissimilarity of the rocks) but that too, is just as mysterious to us, as the shapes of the clouds. To glance back at the last three days' journey, we see an inexplicable variety of mineral distinctions; within the space of 9 miles we had, first a cluster of peaks, pure granite, these were succeeded by a vast range of clay slate, and in an equally quick progression, we now stood upon the loamy bank of another mass of mountains inferior to neither, of separate composition, and the contrast of their individual prodigious is not less remarkable. Upon the granite ground, was a thick forest of *Newas*; (*Pinus longifolia*) the clay slate range presented a Highland heath, and here was a wilderness; scarce a living trace to ornament the scene, not a bird was here, not a fly, not a worm. From summit to base all seemed imminent to life, the precipitous form of the range will not solve the anomaly. But we were fast approaching Tartary's wintry blast. The air was sharp, thermometer 30° below the freezing point. Nissing (now towards of 3 miles, Pembaulator distance), looked close to us, certainly not beyond a gunshot, and we were 8,000 feet over it. The small river still retained an angle of depression of 35° and this will give some idea of the steepness of ascent.

We proceeded onwards, over a good road, still ascending, the rocks now alternating with a coaly sort of matter (3) and a jet black substance like plumbago, all heaped up in packed masses, often perfectly mural; sometimes leaning without their base, and generally inclining but a little backwards, they represented in forcible effect, the dark perspective of a rocky shore, with deep indentations and narrow nooks bristled by the frost, and as it were sliced, but quite firm. The strata had a direction from 40° to 45° under in some pieces, was horizontally disposed. At 11 o'clock we left with a sprinkling of snow, the road still frozen hard, thermometer below 32°. A few tufts of vegetation and some rhubarb plants (which we had not recognized since quitting the main range) here and there appeared. At noon the road reached its greatest elevation, where the barometer was marked at 18.900, temperature of the air from 30° to 32° and no sunshining yet; still hard frost and early in October we had now risen to within 100 feet of the level of the Juniper Pass. The prospect from this elevated station (13,070 feet) was very fine. The Sutlej was seen a mile beneath us, under an angle of 35° descriptive enough of the declivity to it, which had every feature of secondary formation; sand, hard pebble and indurated clay, all blended together, cut and ridged by the rain, and in every respect partaking of the nature of the outer or low ranges of mountainous countries; notwithstanding we were encompassed on all sides by primeval origin.

Towards the north was seen the beautiful glen of Soongnum, (where we found wild geese and wild ducks, with delicious grapes, and had a Lama concert) confined within vast ranges of mountains covered with the snow that had fallen a few days before, and in the background arose still loftier tops clad in perpetual congelation. To the west were the Kylas Peaks resembling sugar loaves; there is something inexpressibly grand in tracing the varying forms and appearances of familiar objects, as we recede from them; the same sort of feeling is excited in ascending from a fertile valley, passing through a gradation of families of plants, seeing them decline in vigor, become stunted, and finally vanish and disappear.

(3) Mr. Moorecroft, in his *Tour into Tartary*, has remarked the appearance of the mountains, which form a continuation of this same valley, as indicating coal.

Viewing the Kylas, brought to mind retiring from a coast where the highest eminences dwindle down to our own level and are ultimately lost in the horizon. In front of us along the valley of the Sutlej which directed our route, there seemed to be no symptom of an end to the mountainous confusion. Although we were fast approaching the frontier southwards, the view was closed up by the rising slope of the rocks, whose highest visible tops were estimated at 1900 feet or very little inferior to the great Snowy Pass, and yet perfectly naked. The azure atmosphere after the fall of snow was very splendid, and the extent and distinctness of vision is much increased, that the outline of distant objects could be traced in all their irregularities. We continued upon elevated ground, descending some distance; the rocks again changing, becoming more frail, loose, and divided into blocks. A dwarf birch as usual was the first tree that appeared, some pines then succeeded with grassy knolls, rhubarb, lichens, insects, and flowers like blue bells, and passing over much broken ground we reached the brink of a declivity which is beyond all my power to describe; it seems to be the *ne plus ultra* of human exertion effort to scale it or descend it. From top to bottom the traveller is exposed to chance in all its varieties. The vast pieces of rocks are sustained at rest, by a great bed of decomposed mica, which is kept together only by its saponaceous cohesion through the whole declivity are these fragments lying or rather propped up, but the frequent necessity of using the hands to support the feet, often brings away large masses of it, *sunt nubes et non sunt ad hanc*. *Ad hanc ad hanc*. The angle of inclination is from 30° to 40° and could only be traversed from the bed of loose matter by which a footing was maintained; when we slipped and sank ankles deep. A single traveller has enough to do to shift for himself, and all the danger and difficulty to each is heightened by the people before and the stragglers behind; the continual displacement of a stone creates a disturbance, for in the attempt to avoid its path we are in risk of losing our own balance, which would land us at the bottom very soon and not in the best condition; and the dread of entombing in an earthless grave those before, obliges one to pick his way more cautiously and tardily than is pleasant; a little agility here often proves advantageous, and the chief concern is to get over the ground with all haste. The last few hundred yards is the most unpleasant of the whole, showers of stones and rubbish hurrying successively into the river.

The whole of the descent from the highest point of the road exceeded 4000 feet; the barometer now standing at 21.505. It was only 2 o'clock, and the sun had long been hid from us; the first thing that struck us with amazement was the disappearance of the vast expanse of ice which last year filled up the ravine; the unusual severity of the rainy season had perhaps carried it into the Sutlej, or it might have dissolved; not a fragment remained visible; and its extent, thickness, and secluded aspect, seemed to bid defiance to the thaw of ages. The barometer, assisted by the thermometer, dispelled the doubt, our level was found to be 9,300 feet above the sea, an altitude which demonstrates the effect of locality in the accumulation of the mass; and the tract just described proves its existence.

Most part of the snow that falls on the slope of this dreadful inbound gulf, can hardly find a resting place beyond a few days, and being loosened by the heat of the sun is dashed below, what settles and subsides into ice; and here it may be said to be perennial; but the temperature observed, is evidence how far below its natural bed it lies here. The thermometer was 50° and summer had gone. If the Quarterly Reviewers have reserved a hold for their assumption in the limit of congelation, they have it here; this, however, would be perfectly absurd, for perennial snow or ice under such circumstances is dependant upon the quantity collected, not on the refrigeration of the atmosphere, or we might just as well say, that an ice house is within the circle of congelation. The mass of rock that protected us upon our icy bed, now rested in the stream. We scrambled out of this dismal dell by a similar sort of path to that by which we entered it, with a precipice below us and ill-looking crags over us; tiresome travelling in micaceous dust, and the road slanting to the unsupported side, was often crossed by great ledges of rock, smoothed nearly to a polish, and striped with narrow veins of quartz. The wind blew very strong; and, amusing ourselves by dislodging stones, we were pursued by a cloud of dust; this horrid tract continued above a mile. Evening was drawing near, and we moved briskly along by an ascending road whose extreme front we reached. At sun-set, the barometer fell to 19.600° thermometer 42. We had risen above the level of our last observation at the river 2,200 feet, and now we had to descend again nearly as much. In this day's journey we saw to advantage what has all along characterized the route, a continual succession of climbing and descending, next the dreadful nature of the country, with its confounded inequalities and eternal winter.

What a noble instrument a good barometer is in these profound valleys within the Himalaya, and in all the deep inten-

tions of a mountainous country. Geometrical measurement is entirely futile; the altitude of a peak may indeed be measured above the level of the measurer, but if that is to be determined, the only method by which that can be done, is barometrical observation. We had to reach our camp by a road which is not quite so steep as the last descent, is more dangerous; one almost loses confidence; I never beheld such a rickety, ruinous group of mule rocks; but the night somewhat disguised our situation, and we got through it by much contrivance, meeting again with a thin pine forest, and soil. We encamped on the bank of a small river, with the barometer at 21.105. It was dark, and a square yard of level ground was in vain looked for, to pitch the tent, amongst boulders. *Tong Shih-tuan* was still trudging along, and I joined him.

This was a sad day's journey, most of our people beheld had nothing to eat, and had to seek rest and protection amongst the rocks. We had no bed cloths, so getting between the folds of the feet, and borrowing a banock from our half-starved servants, with a draught of good water, we went to sleep by the edge of a precipice. Our cloths were lightly frozen during the night. Morning disclosed our situation by the side of a cluster of points, insulated by water-falls, almost baseless, and clinging together—each sustaining the other, and on their furrowed-green sides were pines in airy and unapproachable beauty, and gave to the scene the fiction of romance.

The dell was terminated by a snowy mountain above 20,000 feet in height, topped by a black rock, and closing the prospect. The small streams were tinged with iron, and we had a good drink of chalybeate. From this we might date a series of misfortunes, which are as well to pass over. A fowl that appeared to have died, was roasted on the coals for breakfast; but we were plateless and knifeless all; we had some tea, but no tea pot, and a little spirit, which was a good thing. As we were approaching China, we could have wished to be prepared to entertain our Tartar friends with a cup of tea, but it was already 9 o'clock, and we could not wait.

We commenced our march as usual with a descent of 700 feet to the river, whose bed we found on the same level as that of yesterday's; here, in the former year, lay blocks of ice, altho' the heat was oppressive; not a piece was now visible, or transparent was again very steep, and we wound along upon a coaly sort of good road. The mountains were still slatey, but more rounded and productive; some pines were met with, and shrubs at a little distance looked very like willows; but we had not time to go to them. Beds of juniper and furze or whins were passed, and bushes very much resembling broom; several new species of grapes, and a vast crowd of highly aromatic plants. We ascended gently, and at noon reached the Ghaut or Pass, the barometer 10.970, the thermometer 49°; not a cloud in the atmosphere; our extreme height was 11,300 feet. We were increasing our latitude very fast; already it was 31° 45' and the Sutluj still taking a north easterly direction, we became very anxious to see it bend towards its celebrated source; this high latitude was unexpected, and certainly was never before known or even assigned to it. We were now 100 miles within its snowy embankments, and in this space, the Himalay chain has extended much to the south of east, such is the prodigious area of snow-capped summits.

The Sutluj was evidently diminishing, of this we could judge by the streams crossed; in front of us to the east, appeared a snowy mountain of extraordinary magnitude rising in a pyramidal form, so high, yet so ragged, that it seemed to threaten heaven with its point and earth with its fall. Considering our own altitude, it seemed to surpass in loftiness any yet noticed; a slight degree of dimness beyond it, gave suspicions of our vicinity to Tartary, and other symptoms pointed to the truth; sterility and wide desolation marked our route, and a strong dry wind announced the elevated plain.

Across the Sutluj in the dell, was seen Poole, the most remote town reached in the former tour, with its apricot and vineyard suburbs, at the foot of naked ridges, a mile in perpendicular height. The enormous mass in front had suffered the decay of time, and was so much eaten by frost, that the eternal snows rested only in the vallies and worn clefts; we thought, and thought again, what could be its height, or if there were still loftier masses beyond it.

Viewing from this station the outline of its desert magnificence, little did we conceive, that we should have beheld in the near prospect, its granite flanks within 3,000 feet of the summit, where we encountered winter in his steepest robes, in the middle of the day, and under bright sun. The air had lost half its weight, and the thermometer stood at 29 degrees below the freezing point, and we had no snow. We now descended rapidly to the Sutluj, which for 25 miles had only been seen at times from its elevated banks. We then entered a straggling pine forest, which continued with us some way down and along the ridge up the valley, but it was their last appearance. We

fell in again with granite in large round smooth blocks, deeply bedded in a rubble sort of sandy mixture, at the astonishing elevation of 2,000 feet above the level of the river; when and at what remote period could they have been washed? The descent was very harassing, the latter half of it being ankle deep in dust, which when stirred up, almost cheaked us. By 2 o'clock, we hailed the noble Sutluj, above which we had been hovering for some days.

At this point (the extremity of the former journey) is a Sangho, which with the Sutluj is called the Namptoo; and strange to say, it is the only bridge now existing west of China, from hence to the discharge of the river into the Ocean, unless there are now days, bridges of boats. (4)

We were extremely eager to ascertain the rise of the river since our last meeting, particularly so, as we were only two marches from the Chinese frontier, where our hopes of extending the journey were feeble indeed. Where we left the Sutluj last evening, the bed was about 7,500 feet above the sea; we had since come 20 miles, but the deep indentations of the tract, with the meanders and deadends, had much exceeded the river's distance; and from the stiffness of it under Murong, its 20 blue swifts at times seen from points of the road, and at the last elevation intersected by small islands of sand, and from the soft nature of the mountains intervening, we did not expect any great difference of level. The barometer was put up and shewed 21° 540. Thermometer 72° which gave the rise 200 feet, or extreme height above the sea 8,200 feet; at this rate, and taking into account our yet great distance from its source, we shall have the celebrated Lake Mansarvora verging upon 3 miles above the ocean.

We attempted to measure the height of the Sangho, by a line of turbans with large stones attached, as the heaving-lead was behind; but the wind sweeping down the valley with great force, bent it to a semicircle; a full for a moment allowed the water and stone to touch, and we found the distance 80 feet. The rapidity of the stream just under the bridge is dreadful, the solid rocks near each other in a narrow point, and the whole mass is forced into a space that might be leapt across.

Even this insignificant height, produces a deception, and looking up the stream with its gently shelving nebbled banks, it has a ruffled shallow appearance. Passing by this Sangho the former season in all the hurry of pressing ingoistade, I had estimated the diminution at two-thirds of the size at Rampoor, but on more minute observation, one half would seem an ample allowance. The only possible way of coming to a decision on this point, when all measurement is stagnant, is to estimate the reduction from the feeders that are eroded; and this we might be enabled to do with some precision as the smallest tributary stream to the river, was met with in our route along the left bank; and all the streams that entered the valley from the north were distinctly in view, and of their size, the dells in which they flowed gave notice.

It is totally impracticable to draw a comparison from mere collection; this was so fully proved by the delusive forms of the mountains, that we may at once denounce the attempt as vain. We see here nature (as it were,) inverted, and both the mind and the eye are so dazzled with her splendor, that proportion is no longer limited; the fallacy that results is always a defective computation, and rivers and mountains appear in miniature. Here as at Wangtoo, we find an astonishing mass of solid rock; the left bank is a craggy precipice of 200-300 feet in height, detached from the slope of the range, and must be the remnants of some ancient avalanche, but when it happened is far beyond the search of tradition. From this there is a slope of about 60-feet of bank.

The right bank is a face of connected rock of dense flinty composition, and of an invincible hardness, and yet it shews the action of the

(4) It is now upwards of four years since the mountains have been relieved from the thralldom of Gorkhali tyranny, and may we ask what has been the effect of a change of rulers, or rather has it equalled expectation? This question if collectively applied, may extend from the equator to the poles. In a country like Khundur, which may be called but the banks of a river, there is only a single passage by which the inhabitants of either side can visit each other, and towns frequently separated only by the stream, are in reality distant 100 miles. This world of itself be less astonishing, but for the dreadfully rugged abruptness of the country, which often forms a line of perpetual congelation betwixt towns on the same bank; but this was not always the case, for there were three Sanghos across the Sutluj, and two of them were demolished (rather imprudently too) on the Gorkhali invasion, and there they rest in ruinous beauty, nor is there a sign of any others, which is singularly unaccountable.

stream, a work of ages: the cavities formed by incessant friction of the water, are astonishing, and record the antiquity of the river's level. On the slope of the left bank, were a variety of pebbles; amongst these was a new species of granite (that is new to us), and a dark metallic sort of stone of the same nature apparently as that which lines both sides under the Sangho, and resisted powerful attempts to break it. Here too, as at Wangtoo, the river has been thrown out of its channel, by a violent crash from above, the solid ruins of which now approach in a neck or narrow angle to the opposite side; and the vast volume of water rolling down with great rapidity, strikes against this flinty abutment, and is dashed in uproar and tumult into the contracted space of 7 or 8 feet.

The cheeks of the outlet are hewn rock, rendered smooth and worn eaten (as it were) by unceasing pressure. The breath of the river at the Sangho is 80 feet, the depth it was impossible to estimate. We had traced it nearly 250 miles within the mountains, and it might yet be called a formidable stream, sufficiently large to have its origin in its reputed but yet distant source. The velocity and power of the stream is best judged of from its edge: the body of water descends in a waving sea-like commotion, and to the spectator it appears to be thrown in long heavy jerks much above his level. We proceed along the same bank amongst sand and water worn pebbles, and traversing the fragments of an extensive slip of granite, and a rather steep ascent, terminated the march at Dabling, a village of 14 or 16 houses and families, elevated above the level of the Satie 1,100 feet.

To day, when travelling, we were incommoded by an unsettled wind, and towards evening there was no opposing it. Here for the first time, we felt Tartary's withering blast, and we were glad to abandon the tent for the more comfortable roof of a shed or barn well crammed with good straw, which afforded an easy seat to enjoy a fire; every thing around bespoke approach to the elevated table land. The chilliness of the breeze, although the temperature was 42° cracked the skin of our bodies, curled up the leaves and boards of the books, shrunk up our shoes, and was altogether very unpleasant to our feelings. The denseness too, of the atmosphere, eastward beyond the mountains, circumscribed by the violet tinge of that which canopied the Northern peaks, and the character and costume of the inhabitants. These symptoms were to us as decisive as the cut bamboo, the setting sun, and the flocks of birds were to Columbus; and here also, the flocks of wild pigeons were more abundant than had hitherto been remarked on the route; but the physical unevenness of the country seemed to have no end. The prodigious mountain with its elevated spires seen from above, blocked up the prospect in front; but beyond that, lay the high sloping land. Here we begin to find a mixed dialect, one at least less intelligible to us; but by the aid of guides and baggage carriers from preceding villages, we comprehended enough for our purpose. Some of the Nissung loiterers made their appearance at night; but disappointment is always at hand, and in respect of culinary accommodation, we were no better off than before.

A Goorkhali kookeree, (5) and such rude tools, served very well; pigeons and chakores were so plentiful here, and henceforth, that for many days we lived upon them; the only game of the country, some times from necessity, but oftener from choice, finding the large wild pigeon juicy and superior in taste to the goats, and being supplied with a good stock of powder and shot there was a perpetual discharge of musketry both day and night. (6) The visages of the Dabling or

(5) Kookrug, Goorkhali or Nepalese weapon, which with its appendages is not only a handsome accoutrement, but, a substitute for the hatchet, the sword, or the knife. It is used generally for cutting firewood, clearing their way through the bushes when they go to hunt, or lopping the heads of goats; and at the Doorgah Poojah, or any religious day, (as lately, to scare away the Cholera,) the heads of buffaloes, which displays a little manual dexterity; sometimes the heads of people come in the way. It is used also in war, but from its shortness is an inferior safeguard to a sabre. In a pursuit it may be advantageously applied, and in a night attack, nothing can be more handy. It is noticed by Kirkpatrick who also gives a drawing of it, and the Chinese Khora or Bhoojalle, which is a very curious but savage-looking blade.

(6) A discharge of musketry day and night may appear somewhat strange, but it is perfectly true. The Goorkalis, as ardent in search of game as of their enemies, after pursuing them all day, watched their return at night to a tree or bush, and three or four of them going as close to it as possible, fired together, and few of the birds ever escaped.

Dabling Inhabitants (7) are almost as coarse as their garments; but their actions discovered an intellectual mildness, which upon the borders of Tartary may be well regarded as a prodigy; but these same Tartars are far more respectable than folks nearer home.

The sudden change from woollen habiliments to the real hide, is almost as difficult of explanation by geographical position as the singular attire of the Rampoor Bussahir people. The cause is referable to their association with their hardy neighbours the Tartars, of whom they may be said to form an integral part, where absolute necessity would make the dress national as the best protection against their long and severe winter, and the most readily furnished from their vast flocks; Mr. Mooree mentions such sheep skin people. The aridity of the atmosphere may have to do with this, but here our elevation alone certainly did not require such warm covering.

The Legana, or chief of the village, had seen his best days; but when buckled up, in his woolly garb, looked very gay; he was most obliging, shewed real good will towards us, and would have been more entertaining had his language been less uncouth. His temper seemed ill-matched with his coarse lineaments: these bore the impression of life of hardship, yet so free from the contour of passion, that although differing only in nature from his sheep skin covering, they in no wise belied his disposition, which (even in his concerns now and then agitated by our rude intrusion and pressing wants) was tranquil and generous, and we thought ourselves fortunate amongst such friendly neighbours, where the mountains and every atom of their substance were bold enough to alarm the stranger traveller.

We required a good fire, but wood was neither very plentiful or very dry, and an old trough seemed the best and most convenient fuel, but the oily smoke soon made us glad to lay it aside; the old man who was very active in stirring up the fire, was no less eager to save it, and it was really amusing to see him in all the busy bustle of humorous anxiety running for water and damping every visible spark; he could not have been in a greater hurry had the house been burning, and we thought of that but it was not the case, it was that wood was scarce, and he laughed and joked at the discovery. He had two infants, his only two, whom he regarded with a degree of compassionate fondness worthy of better lineage. On our remarking his own comfortable dress (which by the by I had my eye upon the whole time) he pointed to theirs, and seemed happy that they were so well provided for.

If a certain degree of difficulty in the economy of life produce a moral effect such as we saw, one would even exchange situations with the mountaineer amidst the snowy wilds of the Himalaya.

The Dabling or Doobling people, flattered us with hopes of pursuing our course towards Mantulao, apparently too, from the same mistaken idea which actuated our Rispe friend, the Negee. They told us somewhat equivocally, that the Chinese Officers at Shipkee, would accede to our wishes; and to make us confident of success they emphatically said, "Who can stop you?" evidently betraying that indebted stamp of Asiatic character, which knows no check to inclination, no political morality, but that conquest and aggrandizement are only limited by the means of their attainment. It was highly gratifying to hear the British name so much esteemed in such distant and dreary wilds; and the slight dread of it they evinced, originated in the natural jealousy of their disposition.

(7) The one is never mentioned without the other, although the villages are nearly a mile apart.

An Astronomical Hoax.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.
Sir,

I think it necessary to acquaint you, that the paragraph sent to your Paper from hence with an account of a Comet on the 11th of October last, could have meant nothing, but what is termed in these days of frivolity, "a Hoax." How you may take it I know not, and shall leave the author to such wholesome castigation as you may think he deserves.*

I am, Sir, &c. &c. &c.

Neemuch, Nov. 18, 1819.

AN ANTI-HOAXIST.

* The most severe punishment to those who can be guilty of such folly as this, must be their own reflections, if they ever make any; and if they do not, reasoning or advice would be thrown away upon them.—Ep.

Suttee at Chittoor.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal,

Sir,

Permit me to offer you an Extract of a Letter, containing an account of a Suttee, which took place at Chittoor, the Station of the Chittoor Zillah Court, as also of the Provincial Court for the Centre Division of the Madras Presidency, and a few remarks on this species of self-devotion.

The following is the Extract of the Letter from Chittoor, dated November 1819:—

An instance of that most barbarous custom, at the bare mention of which nature shudders,—the Immolation of a Widow on the Funeral Pile,—occurred here some days ago. Never having been present at a Suttee, I was anxious not to let the opportunity pass; and on hearing that one was about to take place, I hastened to the spot, which was on the bank of the river, about five hundred yards from the Provincial Court.

Humanity had already led there a friend, whom I found in the midst of an immense crowd, exhorting the infatuated woman to desist from her dreadful purpose. She was of the Bramin cast, and about 36 years of age. Grief and want of sleep, had given her an exhausted appearance; but her countenance and manner bespoke a strong mind, and she seemed in full possession of all her faculties. He had already been with her upwards of half an hour, yet his endeavours to persuade her were continued long after my arrival, and although he had the advantage of a perfect acquaintance with her language, all his arguments proved of no avail. She constantly replied that she was determined to die; and if prevented from burning, she would destroy herself in some other way. As no personal consideration seemed to affect her, he appealed to her feelings as a mother, pointing to two children at her feet, a girl of 13 and a boy of 17 years of age. This merely led her to recommend them to his protection. He told her that if she thus willingly abandoned them, he would do nothing for them; but if she consented to live, he would protect, and provide for, both her and them.

Her relations were then entreated to use their influence. They were reminded that such a sacrifice was uncalled for, by their religion. This they admitted, provided she had not left her house; and regretted, or affected to regret, that measures had not been taken to prevent her doing so. They said, "Why does not the Company prohibit these sacrifices? Widows would not then form the resolution. It must now of necessity take place; for were she to forego her resolution, some calamity would befall the town." An old woman sitting close by her side, added, "We would in that case tie her hands and feet, and force her on the pile."

The Bramins now came to remind her that all was ready; indeed she had herself more than once expressed great impatience at the delay, telling us that we were detaining her husband unnecessarily in the sun. We conceived that further entreaty would be of no avail, and followed her to the pile, which was about 30 yards off. A faint hope was still entertained that the sight of it might shake her resolution; but although I was close by her side, and purposely kept my eyes steadfastly fixed upon her, not the least emotion was evinced even when she ascended it; on the contrary, she seemed pleased that her wish was now about to be accomplished, and seated herself by the side of the body, making obeisance to it.

The Bramins now proceeded to remove the ornaments from her neck and arms, and as there was at this moment a great scramble for some limes given her for distribution, she seemed fearful of their being stolen, and was observed anxiously to follow them with her eyes into the hands of some females who were waiting to receive them. She was then directed to lie down, a Bramin placing her left arm under her husband's head; the right across his breast; and her right foot over the legs. Several frivolous ceremonies now took place. The covering from the face and breast of the deceased was removed. A lighted stick being placed on the latter, incense was sprinkled upon it. Some oil was poured from a leaf into the ears, and a small silver coin placed between the lips, a Bramin vociferating all the time some sentences in Sanscrit, which were repeated by another from the opposite side of the pile. While these absurdities lasted, which was about half an hour, the poor woman lay with her eyes closed, and without once moving from the position in which she had been placed.

The awful moment having arrived when the pile was to be kindled, one more appeal was made to the feelings of her relations. They replied as before, that it was too late, and they could not in-

terfere. The deluded creature was then called upon to say whether she still persisted in her resolution. She raised her head for an instant, cried "yes, yes," and made a movement with her hand expressive of a wish not to be again importuned.

Perhaps you may, with myself, have been led to suppose that painful as such a death must be, under any circumstances, matters are so arranged as to render the victim's sufferings as short as possible. It was far otherwise in the present instance. Had torture been the object in view, it would have been difficult to devise a more ingenious method; but to convey to you an idea of the horrid scene we now witnessed, it is necessary to describe the pile.

It consisted of such bundles of wood as are usually brought from the jungles for fuel, heaped up to the height of four feet, and may have been about seven in length, and six in breadth. Above this, at a distance of four feet, was another layer of wood placed over two heavy beams, the ends of which were fastened by ropes to four upright posts, and close to each of these stood a man with a hatchet ready to cut the ropes asunder.

The pile was now lighted at the four sides, by a near relation; when we expected, and indeed desired to see an instantaneous blaze. Instead of this, the fires made the slowest progress. If any combustible matter was mixed with the wood, it must have been in the centre of the pile, and too distant to shorten the agonies of the unhappy woman. Some powdered dammar was sprinkled upon the fire when first lighted, but too sparingly to be of use.

As soon as the fires were kindled, and without waiting until the flames had made some progress, the ropes which supported the upper wood were cut away; and the beams now lay, one across the poor woman's chest, and the other over her legs, so as effectually to prevent escape when nature should overcome her resolution. We could, however, as we still stood close to the pile, distinctly perceive, not only the writhings of her right arm and leg, but the whole upper part of the pile was seen to heave with her struggles; and we should n't doubt have heard the most piercing shrieks, had the noise permitted; but from the moment she approached the pile, all was clamour and confusion; and on its being kindled their was incessant shouting, and beating of tom toms, or native drums.

In this state (with a weight upon her, just sufficient to cause the most excruciating torment, without extinguishing life,) she remained full five minutes, before either the heat or smoke could have reached her. As these approached, her exertions became stronger; and in about three minutes more, the flame came in contact with her right foot, which was nearly in a line with the extremity of the pile, when we hastily withdrew from the revolting sight.

If any circumstance could render such a scene more disgusting, it was the want of feeling evinced by those present. As she ascended the pile, some females who attended her screamed, but they became composed again immediately, and this was the only expression of grief remarked, if grief it can be called. With us even, at the execution of a criminal, decorum at least is observed, and often much compassion is shewn; here all was levity. Some time before she was brought to the pile, and while seated in the midst of the crowd, a basket was placed before her, containing rice, a red powder, and small pieces of palmyra leaf, dyed of the same colour. These it was intended she should herself distribute, but being out of humour at the delay which she supposed our entreaties had occasioned, she spurned the basket from her, and the contents were handed out by a woman who sat near. Every one was anxious to obtain a part; and the little incidents consequent on such a scramble, (up-setting of turbans, &c.) were the occasion of much mirth, and none enjoyed it more than some females seated close behind her. A young woman in particular was remarked, who having reached the basket with much difficulty, withdrew, waving her trophy in the air with the greatest glee.

The horrible custom of immolating widows, although, not so common in this part of India, as in Bengal, is however, far from rare. Another instance has just occurred in this neighbourhood, and I learn that no less than twenty women have been sacrificed within this Zillah during the last three years. May we not cherish the hope that a stop will ere long be put to these barbarities, which the natives themselves admit, form no necessary part of their religion. Should our present Ruler, in his wisdom, deem it expedient to abolish them, there is no act of his administration (pregnant as it has been with blessings to India,) upon which his mind will hereafter dwell with more delight. It seems to have been reserved to complete his glory.

Thus far the Letter.—To this our Correspondent, who has enclosed it to us for publication, has appended the following remarks.—

Many learned and intelligent Hindoos of all parts of India disapprove of the savage custom of women burning themselves with their husbands, notwithstanding the practice is commended by a few

of their Sages of former days; and the following opinions on the subject of Suttees are held by some of the wisest Hindoos of this part of India :—

No woman burning herself along with her husband is exalted, (even according to the writings of those ancient Hindoo Sages who sanction the sacrifice), to Mockshum, or *eternal spiritual happiness*. She will only dwell in an inferior state or "region of joy," called Sworgum, or a state of *sensual temporal bliss*, where she "will enjoy delight together with her husband," for a limited period, or, "for so many years as there are hairs on the human body, or 35 millions, or as long as 14 Indras reign," as declared by *Angeras*; or to a heaven where, according to *Vyasa*, "she sports with her husband, as long as 14 Indras reign," (see Colebrooke's Digest, Book IV. chap. III.), after the expiration of which period, she must be born again upon the earth.

It would be a right and meritorious act to interdict completely the practice of the Suttee, in order that widows may live a life of mortification which will ensure them absorption in *Brahma*, or eternal bliss. Female devotees, in destroying themselves on the funeral pile, are said to be actuated thereto by *Cahnum*, or sensual desire. Devotion to God, and affection for their husbands, are not the motives which induce widows thus to immolate themselves. They frequently burn themselves along with their husbands, in consequence of family pride, or from motives of mistaken honor, or from resentment and family quarrels, considering that by ascending the funeral pile they immortalize their name, and confer honor on their families; and that they thereby avoid that trouble which they have cause to expect after their husband's decease; the poor widow well knowing that she will, or may be compelled to endure great hardship; becoming, from being the head of the family, a menial thereof, her ornaments being taken from her, the use of betle and more than one meal a day being disallowed her, and being obliged to sleep upon the bare ground.

It is detrimental to the welfare of the country or state, for many women thus to sacrifice themselves. The example of frequent female sacrifices has an evil tendency among the women, whose services, when they immolate themselves, are thereby lost to their family. Pregnant women and the mothers of infants are not allowed to burn themselves, and a widow of the Brâmin cast must ascend the same burning pile with her husband; she must not cast herself into a pit of fire, she "cannot" (according to *Golâma*) "ascend a separate pile," if her husband is once burnt, she cannot follow him in death thro' the fire. It is considered more virtuous and meritorious for a widow to remain alive, and live a life of misfortune, than to immolate herself. When once a woman in the first paroxysm of grief or despair has declared her determination to burn with her husband, false honor prevents her retracting, or her friends wishing it.

Those among the Hindoos who disapprove of the Suttee charge those with murder who countenance the horrid practice; where a large log of wood or large beams are laid across, or let down upon, the victim, with the known and avowed object of precluding the possibility of her escape in case she should change her mind; it is denied by the opponents of the Suttee that she gives up her life voluntarily, as is pretended. They say, if the victim of superstition is in the proper state of the mind asserted by you, why is force employed in the act of the immolation? she will not feel the fire, nor endeavour to escape, her mind will be so resigned or absorbed in the contemplation of her approaching bliss, that she will meet this painful death with supernatural fortitude, and with the same pleasure which he may be supposed to receive from the contemplation of marriage.

It is the opinion of many respectable and intelligent Hindoos who openly declare their abhorrence of this cruel sacrifice, that it should no longer be practised; and that were the British Government to prohibit such sacrifices, not a murmur or disapproving voice would be heard throughout the country, among any who could in the least degree disturb its tranquillity for a moment; that, on the contrary, such a prohibition would be embraced by all descriptions of people, with the greatest satisfaction, (with the exception of perhaps a few unlearned selfish individuals who derive pecuniary benefit from the ceremony,) for that there are many Hindoos of the first influence in the country, who, though they may think it prudent to conceal their aversion to the rite, and have not fortitude to resist the rules which custom, prejudice, and false honour have established among them, abhor the practice of it, and seeing their hard and afflicted bondage would thankfully take advantage of a just and humane edict to save them, or their misguided female relatives (many of whom now consider it incumbent upon them to acquiesce cheerfully in this species of self-devotion) from dishonor, or a forcible and cruel death.

Unless the Officers of Government interfere, no retraction by a deluded widow of her resolution to burn, would in most parts of the Peninsula of India be attended to, after she had left her house to go

to the place of immolation, much less on her arrival at the pile or pit; she would be forcibly burnt to death. I have heard of a woman who endeavouring to escape from the slow fire on the pile, from which she managed to descend, was seized by the unfeeling spectators and thrown back upon it and burnt to death.

It is the opinion of many Europeans and Natives on this side of India, that the British Government sanction the Suttee, on the principle of granting a free toleration in religious matters; and I have never heard of the Government having ever prohibited a Suttee. The judicial code does not notice the practice, and no specific rule existing respecting it, the Officers of Justice in any parts of India, may have taken different views as to the propriety of their sanctioning an act, which is not approved of by the great body of the people, nor by the wisest and best Hindoos of ancient and modern times, nor sanctioned by any principle of justice, humanity, or virtue; and I know that different opinions have been held by several of the British Officers of Justice in India, as to the obligations imposed upon them, and the authority vested in them by the laws, with regard to sanctioning or interdicting this sacrifice. I have heard both of Military Officers in former times, and also of Magistrates, who have interfered and prevented this cruel practice, by merely ordering that the Suttee should not take place. In several instances the sacrifice has been prevented by delay being caused, the Police being forbid to allow of any Suttee taking place without obtaining sanction for it; and which sanction some Magistrates would not apprehend consider themselves authorised to grant without receiving the authority of Government for the same; but were such steps taken, a reference to Government would seldom be found necessary, for the delay which would arise, were a reference to Government required, would it is to be hoped in most cases give the poor widow time to come to her senses, to become more composed in her mind, and more resigned to her loss; nature would probably afford her relief, for no woman can burn with her husband who has shed a tear, or uttered a cry or lamentation on account of his death.

If these horrid sacrifices be suffered to continue, it would be humane to enact specific rules for ensuring their being performed in the least atrocious, and most merciful manner possible; for though some of the Hindoo Sages (as they are called,) sanction in their writings an insane woman's being burnt to death "by ascending the burning pile," or (if she be not of the Brâmin cast,) "by casting herself into the fire," (Colebrooke) they do not afford grounds to tolerate it. Should therefore the Officers of just and humane Government suffer her being bound with ropes and pressed down with logs of wood, in order to her being roasted alive or tortured to death in a slow fire (as I have seen,) so that if in the agony inflicted by the flames, she should be desirous of retracting, it is utterly beyond her power so to do? It is much easier for a poor woman nearly dead with fatigue to lie down on a pile of cold half-dried faggots, and suffer herself to be tied down, so as to render all subsequent resistance on her part or attempt to extricate herself when the flames reach her, vain, or to walk up to a small shallow pit of hot-ashes, the horrors of which she knows nothing of till she approaches the brink of it, when starting back, she is with unparalleled barbarity pushed in, and in a moment finds herself up to the knees in burning embers, and a shower of sticks overwhelming her, and hindering her leaping out again, or her loud cries amidst inhuman shoutings being heard, when calling, but alas! in vain, upon the Officers of the British Government, (the protectors of the weak and helpless female) for that merciful aid which she can expect to find no where else! This, requires less fortitude on the part of the unhappy widow, than "ascending the burning pile," when in a state of perfect ignorance of casting herself into the burning pit, the tremendous blaze and horrors of which she has deliberately viewed; the fire of which, in merciful compassion to the deluded victim, should be made as large as possible; it might then produce a fearful sensation on all present, and keep the poor victim's suicidal assistants at so great a distance therefrom as to prevent their murdering her. And if the fire were always required to be made as large as it ought to be, and no Suttee were allowed unless very large quantities of combustible materials were provided for it, a Suttee would not so often take place; it would be found too expensive a ceremony for the relatives of the widow to incur, though they frequently do not expend on the fire a hundredth part of the value of the jewels which they obtain from the widow on her burning herself. During the present monsoon season, indeed, it would in some places be difficult to procure sufficient dry firewood, for the performance of the ceremony on a rainy day.

I have not been able to learn that the Hindoo Sages who have commanded the practice of the Suttee, have laid down any specific rules for the performance of the awful rite; but I am informed that there is a work in the south of India, written by a Brâmin about a century ago, which contains some instructions on the subject, and that it does not prescribe that the victim is to be deprived of all free agency after she ascends the pile,

It is worthy of being noticed, that the burning of widows is not customary among the *Jains*, whose religious system (if I may venture to give an opinion on the subject,) I consider to be more ancient than that of the *Trimurti* worshippers. I believe also, that the practice of *Suttees* does not exist among either the Chinese or *Cingalese*, or among any of the followers of *Buddha*.

During the administration of the Most Noble the Marquis of Wellesley, it was hoped, that the abolition of this criminal and inhuman practice would have followed the act of his Government "A Regulation (VI. 1802) for preventing the Sacrifice of Children at Saugor or other places." I question if any act of his whole public life now affords him more happy reflections than this measure; and equally great must be Lord Teignmouth's satisfaction in reflecting on the act of his Government, Regulation XXI of 1795, "for preventing Bramins in the Province of Benares establishing Koarhs, wounding or killing their female relations, or Children, or sitting Dhurnah; and for preventing the tribe of *Raujachoomars* in that province killing their Female Children."

The Madras Government, a few months ago, called upon all the Magistrates and Criminal Judges on this Establishment, for certain information and reports on the subject of *Suttees*. The friends of humanity trust that this may be a preparatory step to enacting the entire abolition, on this Establishment, of this most horrid and barbarous custom; and we have reasonable ground to hope, that the day is not far distant when this cruel practice will be put an entire stop to, throughout every part of the British Territories in India, by our present enlightened and magnanimous Ruler, the continuance of whose Government is a blessing ardently wished for, by us all.

The following statement was given to me by an intelligent Bramin, whom I requested to furnish me with "an estimate of the expences of a *Suttee* ceremony."

Cloth for the widow on bathing after her husband's death,	Rs. 9
Expences necessary for obtaining the permission of the Bramins to sacrifice herself; betle and cloths to them, and to women,	77
Cloth for the widow, on bathing, after accompanying the dead body of her husband to the place of burning,	9
Expences necessary for obtaining the further orders or sanction of the Bramins to burn, and for distributing alms amongst them, and cloths and ornaments to Bramin women,	98
Sandal wood, Camphire Oil, Ghee, and Firewood,	70
Amount required for distribution among the Bramins, after the widow has ascended the pile,	35
Amount required for the daily ceremony, for ten days after the widow is burnt, and which sum goes to the officiating Bramins,	35
Expences necessary from the 11th to the 13th day after the ceremony viz.	
Cloths, Cows, Brass Vessels, required to present to the Bramins and women,	105
Expences of giving rice to Bramins,	140
Further amount required for distribution among Bramins,	105
Charges of erecting a Brindavan, or Pagoda, on the spot where the woman burnt herself, and for planting flower trees thereon.	70
Total Rupees 763	

These Pagodas exist in many parts of Southern India. Some unfrequently perpetuate the glory of their parents by dedicating Pagodas to them, when their mothers have burnt themselves. They place in them the images of their father and mother, who not only receive divine honors from the members of their family, but are worshipped by persons in the neighbourhood, as having attributes of Divinity. I am informed, that there is a Pagoda of this sort at Chittoor, where daily worship is performed, and that in the neighbourhood of Tripuri, (a renowned place of Hindoo worship in the Zillah of Chittoor,) many Pagodas built from the same motives are to be found.

The only argument, supposed to have any weight which I have ever heard brought forward against the interference of the Executive Authority in a District to prevent *Suttees*, has been that interference was useless, as it seldom happened, that a woman who had made a vow to burn herself could be prevailed upon to live, and that if she were not allowed thus to immolate herself, she would starve, or drown herself, or find some other method of putting an end to her existence. On the contrary, I have heard of many instances in which females have been prevented from thus sacrificing themselves, and never heard of a single instance of such consequences following as are apprehended; as long as a female continued distracted in mind, she ought to be guarded, and prevented by her friends or the Officers of Government, from doing herself any harm, like any other unhappy lunatic.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader, and humble servant,

T.—S.

Himmalesh Mountains.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

SIR, Having been engaged in a long protracted Tour into a remote part of the country, it was only within these few days that I have had an opportunity of seeing in your Journal of the 9th September, my former Letter to you. This will account to you for my not having sooner noticed a few typographical errors that have crept into it; one of which, as it regards the expression of the Algebraic formula, is very material. Permit me to suggest the propriety (if you contemplate such communications as desirable,) of having the proper types for Algebraic characters. They are not many, and to a Journal like yours the expense could be no object,—add to which, that except by Engraving, it is impossible to give an Algebraic formula correctly without them.*

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

November 15, 1819. A TARTAR OF THE STEPPES.

Errata.

For HIMMALEH,..... Read HIMMALEH.

For TESHOO SOOMBOO,..... Read TESHOO LOOMBOO.

$$\text{For } \frac{\beta}{\beta} \frac{\beta}{\beta} 25. \text{ Read } = \left(\frac{\beta}{\beta} - \frac{\beta}{\beta} \right) 25$$

$$\text{For } V \frac{\beta^2 x^{\frac{1}{2}} t^{\frac{1}{2}} \beta^2}{25^2} = \frac{\beta x^{\frac{1}{2}} t^{\frac{1}{2}} \beta}{25}$$

$$\text{Read } \sqrt{\frac{\beta^2 + \frac{1}{4} t^2 \beta^2}{25^2}} = \frac{\beta + \frac{1}{2} t \beta}{25}$$

There are some others of less moment, as a consideration of the context will serve to detect them—the sign of Subtraction for — the sign of Equality, ° the mark for Degrees, instead of Inches, &c. &c.

* The circumstance of being obliged to procure all supplies of Printing Types from England, will account for the Establishment of the Calcutta Journal being in many particulars incomplete; though this will soon be remedied. In the present instance, we have had the Algebraic corrections cut in lead, by our Engravers; and these will, we trust, fully answer the present purpose.

Lord Byron's Don Juan.

The kindness of a Friend, who has supplied us with one of the few Copies of DON JUAN that have come out by the Rochester, will enable us to gratify our Readers at remote Stations, by an early re-publication of the whole of this celebrated Poem. Where our limits will enable us to do this, we are confirmed by our Correspondents in the opinion, that this is greatly preferred to unconnected Extracts, however judiciously these may be made; and though the whole Poem occupies 227 pages, in the original, making a large Quarto Volume, the London price of which is One Guinea and a Half in boards, there are few of our Readers, we believe, whether in Town or Country, who will be disposed to quarrel with us, for putting them in possession of the whole Work complete for less than One Rupee.

The Story of the Poem is professedly taken from the popular Spectacle of DON JUAN (the Festin De Pierre of Moliere), which has, for at least a hundred years, kept its ground on the European Stage as a Farce, an Opera, or a Pantomime. Lord Chesterfield mentions having seen a gay young Libertine so enchanted with the dauntless gaiety which the Hero maintains even in the last scene, that he expressed his wishes to be damned with the same eclat as Don Juan.

The Noble Author hints at his intention of treating us with a View of Hell, in the 12th or last Canto. Two of these Cantos only are yet published, though these, as we before remarked, form a handsome Quarto Volume of 227 pages.

We shall only just say in anticipation, that our readers will readily recognize in this Work, when we present it to them, that extraordi-

nary command of English idiom and English verse, which was so eminent in Beppo. The very expression which the Author wishes for, seems to fit naturally into his verse; and whether he intends to express serious or ridiculous ideas, the most touching or the most ludicrous images and expressions wait at his bidding, and appear to flow spontaneously from his pen.

Yet we have ourselves risen from the perusal of Don Juan with mingled feelings of admiration at this mighty power of language, and of indignant regret at the purposes to which it is perverted. When we see a Peer of England, in these times, gifted with Lord Byron's talents, wasting his days in inglorious ease at Venice or Lausanne,—when we see his splendid abilities employed in holding up sentimental ruffians to admiration, or in treating every thing sacred and moral with a cold unfeeling ridicule,—our admiration of his genius is lost in pity and anger at its perversion.

The feelings of a Signor Procenante are not enviable. The Noble Author takes care to tell us he is not happy, and we believe him. The tree of knowledge is distinct from that of life. The shallow heartless wit which laughs at all virtue and principle, which makes a jest of adultery and libertinism, and sports with profanity and immorality, may sparkle indeed, but it cannot warm. We turn from such a Work as this, with fresh delight to the depth of sincere and virtuous feeling which affords such permanent enjoyment, in the strains of Campbell or in Rogers, in Cowper or in Milton.

Poetry.

Lines composed and sung, à l'improvisate, upon hearing a Lady sing an Ode of Anacreon in the Original.

I would the Teian bard were here,
To taste of bliss, indeed divine;
Well might he quit the starry sphere,
To hear those liquid notes of thine.

What though to Pleasure's wildest dream
His festive harp was often strung,
'Twas wine inspir'd the maddening theme,
And frenzy mark'd the strains he sung.

And if perchance, to wake the lyre
To gentler themes, his fancy strove,
What could the Dames of Greece inspire
Of soft or passionate in love?

Oh! could he hear those notes so gay,
And gaze on that enchanting form,
A sweeter strain would grace his lay,
A brighter flame his bosom warm.

The warmth that Beauty's glance inspires,
Would breathe through each impassion'd line,
And, taught by Love's resistless fires,
His song would catch a grace from thine.

Sweet Songstress! strike the lyre again,
While captive hearts the strain approve;
'Tis sweet to hear—but oh! 'tis vain
To see thee, and forbear to love. ***

FROM THE DEPARTED.

Adieu! thou Lovely One! whose steadfast tongue
Hath long denied me, and doth still deny;
Far from my country's bosom ever flung,
Yet still for thee in solitude to sigh,
And bane, till death, thy lonely memory,
I go;—remembered but by faithful few.
Yet when after my requiem hymn is sung
O'er my low grave, wilt thou with mournful yew,
My empty coffin in swelling anguish strew?—

Wilt thou deny to former times a tear,
And learn, unmoved, that I am deadly cold,
When strangers tell thee of my sable bier,
And say they heard my solemn death-hell knoll'd,
And saw me shrouded in my last, pale fold;—
Or haply say, uncertainly, 'there was one,
Of silent, pensive, melancholy, there,
Of whom we know but by his nameless stone,
He lived in desolation, and is dead and gone.' ***

(For the Calcutta Journal.)

Have I not lov'd! lov'd thee alone,
Thro' perils' frown, and sorrow's moan?
This faded cheek and sunken eye,
Betray how true and tenderly.

The homage of my soul was bent;
Without one smile by pity lent,
To thee, the ruler of my fate,
To thee, with brow of scorn elate.

Yes, I have lov'd, without a ray
Of hope to light my shrouded way.
When lofty thoughts and fortune smiled;
Thy image dear my soul beguiled,
From darlings of ambition high,
To home's soft scene of sympathy.

When all around was bleak and drear,
And friends were cold, no solace near;
Then wert thou lone and lovely Star,
Whose beam broke on me from afar,
And sooth'd the eye that else had wept,
And from despair my spirit kept.

Gone is its light! and darkness now
Invests my path where'er I go;
Dejected, withering, and alone,
The hopes of youth for ever flown,
Thro' life I wander joylessly,
Without one human sympathy.

There is a spell beyond control,
Which seethes and desolates my soul;
A quenchless fire this heart consumes;
That ne'er its pulse of joy resumes;
There is a presage of the tomb,
That urges to the final doom;
And o'er the wreck if melts one tone,
'Tis but a dirge for rapture gone.

Calcutta, Dec. 25, 1819.

JANET.

LINES ON THE BREAK OF DAY.

Faint, and more faint, Aurora's lonely Star,
Still glimmering with pale uncertain light,
Sinks mid the morning's blush, that seems afar
Just peering o'er the scowling brow of Night—

With eyes downcast, Aurora sheds her tears
O'er sleeping buds, that love the noon tide ray,
Whilst from his radiant couch young Phœbus peers,
Kissing from Flora's cheeks those tears away—

Shrill through the silent cottage vale forlorn,
With iudeat larum, and with clarion keen,
The cock attests the buxom breath of Morn,
That scares from moonlight spell the Fairy Queen.

Above the mead of fragrant grass new shorn,
The wakeful Lark, poised in preclusive song,
Wings his gay height, on trembling notes upborne,
That echoing thrills the attic* waste along—

Tumultuous joys now swell the welkin round,
Love, Health, and Labour, all their charms display,
Whilst from the forest deep, the opening hound,
Breaks with the horn in transports far away—

Moorshedabad, Nov. 6, 1819.

S. T. W.

* Lo! where the rosy-bosomed hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Disclose the long expected flowers,
And wake the purple year,
The attic warbler pours his throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note.

— Gray's Ode to Spring.
Where the attic bird
Thrills her thick warbled notes the summer long.

— Milton's Paradise Regained.